An Agnus Dei

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To Her High Maiestie.

Your humble Subiect.

Io: Weuer.

Maries birth.

A Bright Starre
riseth, which
a Sonne wil bring,
Heauens fayrest
floure vppon the
earth doth spring.

Her marriage.

To *Ioseph* wed,
of *Ioseph* neuer
knowne.
And so she gains
wife, widdowe,
virgins crowne.

All

Her ſalutation.

All haile, thrice
ſacred ſaint, thy
hallowed wombe
Receiues our
bliſſe, recalles our
heauie doome.

Full of Gods fruite,
of grace, and Na-
zarites best,
Earth breedes a
heau'n, shee her
powres expresst.

With

Her visitation.

With Pilgrime
foot, when she her
cosin meets,
The babes doe
moove, in signes
each other greets.

This

Visitation.

This apprehen-
sion easlie will
infuse,
A fiery spirite
to my frostie
Muse.

Soule

Christs nativitie.

Soule sod in tears
halfe dead, behold
releeue thee.

Life, light, word
word, God God
himselfe doth giue
thee.

For

Man

For giuers ſake,
not giftes, was
man not able,
To affoord this
gift no houſ-room
but a ſtable.

But

Ingratitude.

But man by sin
transform'd was
to a beast,
As GOD was
man, a manger
was the best.

Beasts

Mans

Beasts feede on hay, hay is al mortall flesh,

Christ lies like hay, vs sinners to refresh,

Sweet

Ingratitude.

Sweete IESV,
graunt I eate this
hay anewv,
And buy the
field wherein this
fodder grewv.

His

His circumcision.

The Childe is
cut, the Mother
feeles the smart,
The knife that
lanced him, pierst
Maries hart.

An

The

An orient ſtarre
appearing in the
Eaſt,

Conducts three
Kings vnto the
Heauens beſt,

Epiphany.

With pilgrime trauell when th' attain'd his ſight,
They bluſh at their owne glorie, and great might.

His

His Babish eyes
are novve these
Sages Bookes.
Wherein eache
one his glorious
Maker lookes.

Epiphany.

Each one a gift
presented to this
King.

And in reward,
each backe a gift
doth bring,

Sweet

The Epiphany

Sweet incenſe,
myrrh, and pureſt
gold they brought
With faith, hope,
loue, all backe a-
gain were fraught

The Shepheards

So to the Shepherds, in the field abiding,
The Angell of the Lorde brought ioyfull tiding:
They

vision.

They saw, and wõdred, wõdring with one voice,

They glorifie, praise God, and all reioyce:

The shepheards.

This did fore-
shew hee was the
Shepheard sent,
That first to
shepheardes did
himselfe present.

The

The

Whose holy
wedlocke no de-
lights procur'd,
Whose wombe
was pure by child
birth, now is pur'd.

Then

Purification.

Then though this church rite be of some denyde,

Much more the sinnefull should be purifide.

The

The flight.

The cruel storm
of *Herods* deadlie
spight,
Doth force (per-
force) our daie to
flie by night,
Death

into Ægypt.

Death, hell,
damnation claime
in HEROD right,
When heauen,
erth, nature blusht
to view this wight
Christ

Christs

Christ then re-
turnes vnto his
natiue soyle,
Whose life re-
deem'd the losse of
infants spoyle,
Yet

returne.

Yet the damn'd
issue of an hel-
borne Syre,
To *Nazareth* did
cause him to re-
tyre.

Flower

Christes returne.

Flower to a flo-
wer, this was the
Prophets writ,
That IESVS
should bee call'd a
Nazarit.

The

The Preſen-

For his oblati-
on our Redeemer
brought,

Twoo Turtle
Doues, a ranſome
eaſly bought,

Yet

tation.

Yet Christ doth prize himselfe, not worth a Doue:

For he accounts due prise our dearest loue.

The Presen-

Heere aged *Sy-*
meon doth his Sa-
uiour greet.
His teare-drownd
eyes, Christs dim-
pled cheekes doe
meet. And

And as in armes
hee IESVS doth
embrace,
His Loue, his
Soule, his kisses
bleſt his face.

His Childehoode.

How Christ on earth his first xij. yeeres did spend,
Mans apprehension cannot comprehend.

His Childehoode.

Strange were the acts, when GOD did play the child,
Whose hart, no thought, tongue, word, hand, deed defild. Then

His Childehoode.

Then Angels
muſt that maie-
ſtie ſet forth:
Mans Titles are
but ſtaines to
ſuch his worth.

When

When all things were performed in the Law,

And towards 12. yeeres the childe began to grow.

Maries search.

Marie, amongst
her kinsfolkes Ie-
sus sought,
Fild with his
spirite, and with
wisedome fraught.
She

Maries search.

She him soone
after in the Tem-
ple found,
Among the do-
ctors, sitting in
the round.

Which

Which whē they
heard him ſo pro-
found diſpute,
All ſtrucke with
admiration ſtan-
deth mute.

And admiration
then amazement
brought,
Because at schoool
they knewe hee
was not taught.

As

Maries search.

As hee increa-
sed in comely sta-
ture, then
He grewe in fa-
uour, both with
God and men,

Is-

His baptisme.

IESVS departs from GALILE alone,
In IORDANS streame to be baptis'd of IOHN.

Be-

His baptisme.

Beeing baptis'd
hee left the waters
brimme,
When loe, the
Heauens were
op'ned vnto him:
Iohn,

His baptisme.

Iohn, full of
faith, espyed
from aboue,
The spirit of
God descending
like a Doue.

With

His baptisme;
With that from
heauen ther came
an Angels voyce;
This is my Son
in whome I do re-
ioyce.

His

His Trauailes.

His trauels many were, his labors great,
Of one mongst millions heere I muſt entreat.

D When

His Trauailes.

When to the
Scribes & Phari-
ſes twas knowne,
That more diſ-
ciples were bap-
tis'd then *Iohn*.

Lea-

His Trauailes.

Leauing *Iudea*
to auoyde their
rage,

Samaria throgh
hee goes a pil-
grimage.

And by good
fortune, ſo his
iourney fell,
All tyr'd with
trauell vnto Ia-
cobs well:
Neare

His trauels.

Neare whose
fayre brimme, for
wearinesse he was
Constrain'de to
lie downe on the
yeelding grasse.

D. Rich.

His Trauailes.

Rich-couered
cabbin, I can tell
yee true,
The grasse grew
prowd that vnder
him it grew.

Tho

Tho afterward
t lowrde, hung
downe the head,
That Christ so
soone forsak't her
honoured bed.

His Trauailes.

Then came a woman, water vp to draw,
Whose neere approach, no sooner Iesus saw,

But

But, *giue me drinke*
then presently hee
sayes,
'Yet her vnwil-
ling soule begets
delayes.

She

His Trauailes.

Shee ſtands on
tearmes, aſcor-
ning his aſſaults,
Till ſhee was
liuely touched
with her faultes.

But

But then shee left her pot and went awayes

Into the Cittie, and to them thus sayes.

Come

His Trauailes.

Come see a man from whome is no-thing hid,

Hee tolde mee all things which I ever did.

Ma-

His Trauailes.

Many beleeu'd thus on the womans word,

That IESVS was the Sauiour of the world.

By

His myracles.

By myracles this flower of *Iessaes* rodde.

Approued is to bee the Sonne of GOD.

The

His myracles.

The *Galileans*
ne're beleeued in
him,

Vntill his won-
drous acts beleefe
did win him.

But

His myracles.

But al his deeds
if that they were
enrold,
The worlde too
little were that
Booke to holde.

In

His

In loue he came
the Nazarites to
teach,

And on a text
of *Esay* hee dooth
preach,

preaching.

Phisition, heale thy selfe, amongst thine owne,

Who wil accept thee? *Art not* Iosephs *sonne?*

His

His owne are angry, yet hee ſcapes away,

And in *Capernaum* taught the Sabboth day,

preaching.

Heald all diſeaſes, preached in a Ship,

No place, nor time conuenient he doth ſlip.

His

As Ieſus in the
Temple preacht
by day,
By night, i'th
mount of Oliues
he doth pray,

praying.

And prayd with teares: so hee that prayes aright,
Muſt wette the boſome of the tongleſſe night.

To

His

To this deuo-
tion Iesus addes a
fast,

Which helpes
weake faith strong
diuells foorth to
cast, 'E 4 The

praying.

The forty dayes and nights I ouer-paſſe,

An hungred, after which hee tempted was,

The

His

The *Iewish* feasts
new Moones hee
neuer vsde,
Blowing of
hornes and trum-
pets he refusde;

In

feasting.

In *Leuies* house
our Sauiour doeth
eate,

Where compa-
ny of Publicans
was great.

Let

Hic

Lette Phariſes
aske queſtions,
murmure, raile,
The ſinners hee
will to repentance
call:

In

feasting.

In *Bethany* with
Lazarus hee dooth
suppe:
Martha, the cloth
of pleasance held,
and cuppe,

Whilst

Whilst Mary weeping washt with
oyntment sweete,
And wipte with
hairy towell Iesus
feete:
When

feasting.

When thus of *Iudas* shee's controld therefore,

Why wast not sold and giuen to the poore?

Eares,

His

Eates, drinkes with all, to winne all if he might,

There's no respect of persons in his sight.

feasting.

O faithles *Iewes*
of heau'n that was
not surde!
When by the
touch of's vesture
one was curd

His
Foxes haue holes,
and Birds of heauen
haue nests,
The sonne of man
hath no place where
[redacted]sts.

Pouertie

His pouertie no greater riches craued,
Only in him ne-
ceſſitie was bra-
ued.

His

Hee's poore for vs, his pouertie is ſich,

That through his poorenesſe wee are alway rich.

Powertie.

Women acknowledge giftes receiued fro him, And of their substance minister vnto him.

Thrice

His

Thrice happie
women; to your
Sauior kinde,
Though weake in
bodie, wondrous
ſtrong in minde,

powertie.

Christ risen from death, to women first appeard,
And they to his Apostles that declard:

Note

His

Note times ſucceſſion, and you'le gather than,

That woman *is* the glory of the man.

poverty.

Within their harmles thoughts, and ſupple breſts,
As in her faireſt lodging Vertue reſts.

When

His

When hee towardes *Ierusalem* did passe,

In humble maner riding on an asse,

In

pittie.

In meere compaſſion, and in endleſſe pittie,
He wept, but to beholde that glorious cittie:

Her

His

Her desolation
deepely hee be-
mon'd,
That killd the
Prophets, and
th'Apostles ston'd
Whose

pitty.

Whose children
to the bosome of
his Father,

As hen her chic-
kins still hee stroue
to gather.

Now

His

Now heauens
mildeneſſe, and
earths holy lamb,
Knowing the
houre of his de-
parture came.

When

humilitie.

When hee with his Diſciples neded ſupper,

Laying aſide thoſe garments which wer vpper.

Girt

His

Girt with a to-
well, hauing wa-
ter ſweet
Pour'd in a ba-
ſon, waſht the A-
poſtles feet,

And

humilitie.

And wipte them clean, which *Peter* thought vnmeete, Replying, *Thou shalt neuer wash my feete:*

But

His

But when he Ie-
ſus meaning vn-
derſtands,

Hee cries, not
feet, but alſo head
and hands.

humilitie.

His humblenes
was greatſt for *A-*
dams loſſe,
That humbled
himſelfe vnto the
Croſſe.

His

His

His loue was great, whenas him ſelfe he gaue,
To ſuffer death, from death mankinde to ſaue,

Loue.

Iealous of *Peters* loue, hee thought to prooue him,
And asked thrise, if *Peter* once did loue him:

Pe-

His

Peter was ſorie,
and beganne to
weepe,
Till Ieſus ſaide
vnto him, *Feede my*
ſheepe.

loue.

But Ieſus would
haue *Peter* thrice
replying,

To wipe the
ſhame of his three
times denying.

Hea-

His

Heauen & earth
in bringing IESVS
forth,
Made a great
brag of this their
matchleſſe worth.

Nature and grace
imparts what they
can teach,
And God ſup-
plide, when nature
could not reach:
Then

His

Then no tong,
minde, nor art can
tel, think, measure,
His life, his loue,
his vertues hidden
treasure.

The

The Iewes

When Iesus had all sayings finished,

The time drew on for death deliuered,

The

conſpire.

The Elders all
conſulting howe
they might
Take IESVS, and
the people not af-
fright.

They

They ſend forth Sergeants, they returned home,

And would not take him till his houre was come.

Then

conſpire

Then *Iudas* went vnto the Prieſtes and ſaid,

What wil you giue to haue my Lord betrayde?

So

So thirtie pence appointed for his pay,

Hee ſought all meanes his Maſter to betray.

Hee

Christs sweat.

Hee institutes
the Supper of the
Lord,
And all through
Faith receiv'd the
heav'nly word.

Whilst

Christ

Whilſt ſecretly hee to his Father prayd,

Syde-by a litle his Diſciples ſtayd:

Where-

ſweat.

Whereas he bade them watch; for he was troubled,

The *Sinnes* of *Adam* on his ſoule redoubled.

Christs
These torments
able to sustaine
vnneath,
He said, *his soule*
was heauie vnto
death.

And

sweat.

And going fur-
ther, fell vpon his
face,

Praying his Fa-
ther that this cup
might passe,

Christs

Yet Father, nere-
theleſſe thy will bee
done,

Not as I will,
no will is in the
Sonne.

Then

ſweat.

Then through his manhood fearing death, he ſweat. Water and blood, bleſt valley therewith wette.

Chriſtes
The deare re-
membrance of
this dying Lord,
An age of con-
templation might
afford.

Thus

sweate.

Thus Christ
with care and hel-
lish pains oppreſt,
Found his Diſ-
ci-les ſleeping, in
whoſe breſt

Christes
Were heauie
mindes, agreeing
with their eyes.
Three ſundrie
times hee them a-
wakes, aud ſees,
That

ſweat.

That ſleepe doothi
ſtill their drouſie
ſenſes holde,
In mildeſt ſpee-
ches thus hee
them controld.

Why

Christes

Why sleepe yee? rise, could yee not watch an howre?

The Sonne of man is nowv within the powvre

Of

ſweate.
Of ſinners hands,
whil'ſt you doe
ſleep ſecure,
Like *Ionas*, think-
ing calme can ſtill
endure.

Awake

Chriſts

Awake, watch,
pray, temptation
to withſtand,
Ariſe, let's goe,
beholde hee is at
hand,

Which

ſweat.

Which doth be-
tray me; whilſt yet
he ſpake,

Lo, *Iudas* comes
his deareſt Lord
to take.

Weap-

His

Weapned with
lance, ſpeare, horſe
foot, ſtaf, & ſword
They come to
take th'annointed
of the Lord.

Chriſt

Betraying.

Chriſt in a garden muſt be apprehended,

Cauſe in a garden Adam firſt offended,

Iudas

His

Iudas with easie
search his Lord
hath found,
Whose word,
whom seeke yee? cast
them in a sound.

Betraying.

O power of hieſt
powers, whoſe ai-
ry breath's
Able to daunt a
million of prowde
deaths.

I But

But craft dooth
kisse, now IVDAS
cries, *All haile*,
They haue their
due, they knowe
what follow shall.

(O

betraying.

(O that in words there ſhoulde bee double ſence,

The Scripture ſerues ſometimes for ill pretence:

His

Al haile, the wo-
man of all women
gaind,
By ſinner, nowe
of ſinners all pro-
faind.

Al

betraying.

Al haile is ſpoke,
the troupes him
apprehends,
Heau'ns mildenes
ſaide, I'm hee you
ſeeke, my friends,

His

These rauening wolues are readie to deuoure,

The Lamb subiected to their diuelish powre.

The

Betraying.

The vncoth outrage of this feare-
full night
Made all afraide,
and moſt to take
theyr flight.

His

These rauening wolues are readie to deuoure,

The Lamb subiected to their diuelish powre.

The

Betraying.

The vncoth out-
rage of this feare-
full night
Made all afraide,
and moſt to take
theyr flight.

Some this, some that way run among the bands,
Some leaue their garments in the souldiers handes:

One

Betraying.

One mongſt the reſt, ſuch danger he was in,

Hee pawnde his ſhirt, thereby to ſaue his skinne,

Thogh

Some this, ſome that way run among the bands,
Some leaue their garments in the ſouldiers handes:

One

Betraying.

One mongſt the reſt, ſuch danger he was in,

Hee pawnde his ſhirt, thereby to ſaue his skinne,

Thogh

His

Though naked
gone, yet was hee
wondrous glad,
To ſcape their
rage, that ſuch a
meanes hee had,
True,

Betraying.

True, manly valiant *Peter* didde him beare,
That drewe his ſword, and cut off *Malcus* eare

There

His

There no disci-
ple durst attempt
the like,

Against an ar-
med multitude to
strike:

But

Betraying.

But manhoode
is by reſolution
tride,
Valor is knowvne
when ſwords the
caſe decide.

Peter

Peter

Now Christ
late champiō hath
his Lord denayde,
At the obie-
ction of a seely
mayde:

His

weepeth.

His greeued
heart full of re-
pentant feares.
His ſoule with
ſighs, his eyes are
great with teares.

Thus

Peter.

And thus he weeps
weepe teares, the
more the ſweeter.
Weepe weakling
weepe, weep, wo-
man dãted *Peter.*
Weepe

weepeth.

Weep wretched
weep, weepe, thus
to flinch at triall,
Weepe fraile dis
ciple, weepe; weep
Christs deniall,

Peter

Weep weepe this
last, the last of all
the crimes,
And ouerweep
it, wept ten thou-
sand times.

Ter-

Iudas

Terror torment
my ſoule, this
foule offence
Is acted, come,
heere lies your thir-
ty pence.

deſpaires.

Hedge creeping
CAIN ſhake hands
in guiltleſſe blood,
No blame in Is-
RAEL left can doe
vs good,
Wee'le

Iudas

Wee'l drinke on
Aſhur Tubal Elams
cuppe,
We will deſpaire
with Chriſt again
to ſuppe,

deſpaires.

Wee'lfeaſt with
gn aſhing teeth,
where handes are
wroong,
Where *Diues* begs
for drops to coole
his tongue: Ile

Iudas

Ile heare no
more, nor will I see
the sight,
That kings haue
wisht, and Pro-
phets neuer might,

deſpaires
But harke, ſome
fiend, ſome furie
whiſpers, *hang thee*;
And that will eaſe
the horrours that
do pang thee.

Leade

Iudas

Leade on Deſ-
paire, ſome diſmall
corner finde,
Vglier then death
more gloomy then
my mind:

Be

deſpaires.

Be it more dark,
black, b!ind, dãnd
Iudas craues,
Then was that
night, that deede,
my ſoule, thoſe
ſlaues, By

Iudas

By which, heau'ns
gorgeous bright-
nes was betrayd.
No more, heeres
tree, holde halter,
heeres hells shade.

Ile

deſpaires,
Ile be the hang-
man to my ſelfe
accurſt,
Rend hart, drop
blood, guſh bow-
els, belly burſt;
Now

Christ

Nowe Pontius
PILATE on the
Iudgement seate,
His Wife sends
to him, fairely to
entreate,
That

arraigned.

That in no wiſe
with IESVS he
would mell,

For in a ſleepe
ſtrange things to
her befel

Con-

Cõcerning him
hee Iesus woulde
haue quit,
But none woulde
graunt which on
the bench did sit:
Hee

arraigned.

He puts al to the peoples choice, they chose, Iesus for death, and Barrabas let loose.

Pre-

Christ

Preuailing not
then, Pontius Pi-
late ſtands,
Before them al,
took water, waſht
his hands

L Ap-

arraigned.

Appealing both to heauens, and to the earth,

That hee was giltlesse of this iust mans death.

Then

Christ

Then answered the destraughted multitude,

Vppon vs and our children bee his bloud:

arraigned.

So IESVS was
deliuered to the
Iewes,
Whose blessed
blood their guiltie
hands embrewes.
Wrath,

He was
Wrath, ſpite, con-
tempt, diſdaine, re-
proch and all,
A generall mee-
ting had in Pilates
hall:

mocked.

Iesus in midst of this accursed band.

(Alas, aloofe his poore Apostles stand)

Is

He was

Is ſcofft and
mockt, on's head a
crowne of thorne.
In's hand a reed
for Scepter, and
in ſcorne,

mocked.

A Scarlet robe they on his bodie place,

They blind his sight, & beate him on the face:

In

He was

In ſpeech of
ſpite, and damned
jeſt, he blind,
Who twas that
ſtrucke him laſt,
they bid him find.

They

mocked,
They ſpitte on
him, al haile's
on euery ſide,
The noble hart
ſuch flowvts can
hardly bide,
By

He was

By how much
more the guilt of
Christ was leaſt,
Theſe iars and
tants much more
his griefe increaſt,
Nowe

Led to

Nowe turn'd a-
gayne into his
ſeameleſſe coate:
For which the
ſouldiers after-
wards caſt lot,

Hee

death.

Hee muſt to death, theres danger in delay,

Symon of *Cyrene* meeting by the way,

They

Led to

They doe con-
ſtraine him carrie
Ieſus croſſe,
On which was
writ their owne
confeſſed loſſe,

In

death.

In letters of the Latines, Greekes, and Hebrewes.

This Iesus of Nazareth is, the king of Iewes,

As

Led to

As throgh th'un-
cõſtant multitude
hee's haild,
Though manie
ſcofft, yet ſome his
death bewaild
And

Led to

And women
moſt new ſorrows
reinforce.
Sweet ſoules ſtill
fraught with pittie
and remorce.

M Their

death.

Their ſupple
mindes greef ſoon
and ſorrow takes.
In them his
death a deepe
impreſſion makes.

But

Led to

But for themſelues
and children bee
commands,

That they ſhuld
weep, hee's in his
fathers hands,

Death.

But now hee's
come without the
cities gate,
His sacred bloud
their thirstie maw
must sate,

Fa-

Hee prayes,
Father forgiue
them, thus our
Sauiour cries,
For these by
whom my woun-
ded bodie dies,

Hee praies.

Know not they kill the Son, they would not doe it,

But ignorance allured them vnto it.

Fa-

Hee prayes.
Father forgiue them,
leſt my death
ſhould ſeeme,
Vnperfect, any
ſinne for to re-
deeme.

He praies.

With my laſt ſpi-
rit, this laſt breath
Ile gather:
And with it this
laſt word, *O par-*
don Father!

One

To the

On either ſide of
Chriſt was hang'd
a theefe,
One rayling
ſcofft, and ſcorned
his releefe.

The

Theefe.

The true repen-
tant one no ſoo-
ner praies,
Lord thinke on mee
but Ieſus to him
ſayes,

Know-

To the
(Knowing his
inward ſoule) *this*
day ſhall be,
(Where Angels
ſing) *in paradiſe*
with me.

Hee

theefe.

He gaue his ſoule
thus vnto him
that ought it.

Preuenting him
which lõg in hope
had ſought it,

No

To the

No thing more
gratefull to Gods
glorious throne,
Then gift of hart
that longs to
heauen alone.

Woman

Woman behold
Woman, behold thy
ſonne, O woe of
woes!
Woman, behold thy
ſonne, death vnder-
goes.

Wo-

thy ſonne.
Woman behold thy
ſonne, ſinnes bur-
den beares,
Sonne bath'd in
blood, & mother
waſht in teares.

On

Womanbehold.

On no affection more the ſoule doth build,
Then loue deriv'd from Mother to the Child.

Ma-

thy Sonne.

Marie beholdes
her Sonne, and
weeping stood,
Whilst nayled
to the Crosse hee
streamed blood.

My God

My God, my God, why hast thou mee forsaken?

Thus Iesus cride with torments ouertaken.

Mans

My God, &c.

Mans wrath in his humanitie abounding.

Taught him cõplaine, where sin was deeper woũding. Na Yet

My God.

Yet in complaining, he complaines of none,

His father onely hee accuſde alone,

Hee

He thirſts.

Hee that pro-
claim'd to all that
thirſt at ſtrife,
The flowing
water to eternall
life.

He thirſts.

And ſtreams of
grace all freely
ſhould attaine,
On which who
drunk, ſhould ne-
uer thirſt againe.

And

He thirſts.

And heauens
dew vnto the
thirſtie gaue,
To ſwage his
thirſt, now water
he doth craue.

He thirſts
They fill a ſpunge
with vineger and
gall,
To quench his
heate, t'allay his
thirſt withall.

Hee

All ended.

He druncke the
gall, these graces
he extended,

To comfort vs
with vttering: *All*
is ended.

Vn-

All ended.

Vnto his father as doeth best befit.

Himselfe, his soule, his spirite doth commit.

Though

All ended.

Though DAVID
dyde with, *Some*
let them not liue.
CHRIST yeelds
his breath with,
Father them forgiue.

Now at his death appeard iiij. signes of wonder:

For first the Temples veil did rend asunder.

The

The wonders.

The Sunne and
Moon extinguisht
both their light,
Shaming to see
(belike) this shame
lesse sight.

The

The marble toombs, al ſweaty, part in twayne,
And Saints from graues, reuiude to life againe.

Hart-

The Woundes.

Heart-launcing
LONGIVS made a
bloudie wound.
When hands, feet,
head, were nailed,
pierst & crown'd.

O

The wounds

O wounde of wounds, and euer-ſpringing well!
O plenteous rifte whence blood and water fell!

Who

The Wounds.

Who would not
ſtand & view that
dropping gore.
The dire remem-
brance of this ga-
ping ſore,

The Wounds.

Presented in his
soule who euer
beares,
Blood in his
hart, in's eyes hee
carics teares,

To

Christs Wil.

To IOHN his mother MARIE he commended,

His soule to his Father, saying, *All is ended.*

and Teſtament

His enemies to grace, his church to *Peter.*

No care to him than care of ſouls was ſweeter.

He

Chriſtes will, &c.

He vſde no ſpeeches, hee no order gaue,

For funerals, for ſtrowding ſheete, or graue.

His

When IOSEPHS
sute had gotten
Pylates leaue.
From guiltie
Crosse our Sauior
to receaue.

More

More to diuide
this prize of Iesus
sought,
And teares in
eyes, hands myrh
& aloes brought.

His funeralls.

Viewing the body all congeal'd in gore,
With visage wan, eyes turn'd, flesh rent and torn.

O Blew

His Funeralls.

Blew wales, ſcul-
board, thorns ſpurt
ing out his brains,
Ruptures of nailes
bones ioyntleſſe
broken vaines.

Com-

His

Compaſſion,
zeale, loue, pittie,
and remorſe,
Invited al their
eyes to waſh the
corſe.

This

funeralls

This taske of
greefe they equal-
ly diuide,
Ioseph with *Ni-*
codemus at one
side.

The

His Funeralls.

The *Maryes* twaine, were placed at the other.

At her Sonnes head laments the woefull mother.

About

His funeralls.

About the man-
gled body thus
they ſtand,
Mingling of teares
with oyntments in
their hand,

At

His

At length em-
baulmed in his
shrowding sheete,
They lay him
bound and wrap
from head to feet

In armes, in heart,
dead, liuing, him
they haue,
A mournefull trod
deuising to his
graue.

He

Hi. funeralls.

Hee sighes, she
cries, he wailes, &
she is weeping,
Mary the mea-
sure in all these is
keeping.

Now

Now ſtands to
weepe they make
now ſtops to wipe
Now ſtayes for
teares, already fal-
ing ripe.

His

One ſorrow-
weakened, needes
muſt reſt, to ſee
A ſwelling teare
ſit in his fellowes
eye.

An-

Another cries,
O carry him not
yet,
Another spies
his sheete with
teares all wet:

His

And sayes, let's
goe; his Mother
doth deny it,
Til on their knees
with price of tears
they buy it.

But

But eies are dry'd,
and teares coulde
weepe no longer.
And words grown
weak orecom with
loue the ſtronger.

His

They bury him,
(vnwilling fare-
wells gaue)
Wept, wrapt, an-
noynted in his
borrowed graue.

The

Resurrection.

The eclipsed Sun
which on good
Fryday wept,
In's radiant
beames arose this
morne, and leapt.

His

And danſt and
plaid vpon the ſil-
uer waues,

In his ovvne
brightneſſe he him
ſelfe out-braues.

Gods

Resurrection.

Gods Sonne was
risen, why; his
glorious rise,
Would make the
sun(who'l not be-
leeue) leap thrice?

But

His

But angels bright
in rayments white
as snow.

That CHRIST
was risen, to the
women show.

The

Resurrection.

The Womans eyes bedazled Iesvs clear'd.

And he himselfe in his owne forme appear'd.

Wo-

His

Woman, whie weptst thou? Gardner Marie saide, If thou hast borne him hence, where is he laid?

Marie,

Resurrection.

Marie, O marke what force was in this word,

Rabboni, now shee knowes him for her Lord.

Peace

His

Peace vnto you, this greeting Iesus vsde

To his Apostles, who he was, they musde.

Hee

Resurrection.

He clear'd their eyes, and breath'd the holy Ghost
Among them all, Incredulous the most,

Was

His

Was *Didimus*
hee'le not beleeue,
these tales,
Except his hands
he saw, and print
of nailes:

And

resurrection.
And with his
finger searsh the
bloudy wound.
Christ then ap-
peared, all beliefes
to ground.

His

Tis hard to tell
(CHRIST risen)
which was more,
Their present
ioy, or greefe at's
death before.

O

Assention.

O blessed daie,
on which the
fowle doth rest,
From bearing
wood, to timber
vp her nest.

His

What Eagles
eie dare once pre-
sume to looke
That way, which
Christ towards his
Father tooke?

When

Assention.

When his as-
cention purifide
the ayre.

And made that
beautie farre more
bright and fayre.

His

It is too glori-
ous to deſcribe a-
right,
Excelling ob-
iects doe deſtroie
the ſight.

The

Ascension.

The subtle com-
prehension of my
mind,
Yet thinkes it sees
thy seat in heau'n
assign'd.

His

Where Sera-
phins, and Che-
rubs alway sings
ALELVIA to
the KING of
Kings.

Bright

Assention.

Bright-crownd with glory on a burning throne.
Heere is the prayse of Poetrie alone.

When

His

When Angelles
praiſe high *Iove*
in verſe, & nũbers,
Angels, I come,
O how my bodie
cumbers!

My

Ascension.

My willing soule,
else should my spi-
rit flie,
To sing sweete
Anthems in your
Hierarchie.

An-

His
Angels. On Ho-
ly Thurſeday was
my birth.
Iehova graunt
that day I leaue
this earth:
That

Assention.

That on your
fiery wings I may
ascend,
To liue in hea-
uen past age, past
all, past end.

Amen.

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